WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE TWO BROTHERS.

A MEZZORANIAN TALE.

[CONCLUDED]

IN the mean time, the amiable maiden completely revived; at leaft fo far as to be able to reply to fome queftions that were made her. She declared, that the firft, who led her to the altar was the perfon that made impreffion on her heart; that fhe, prefently after, as fhe believed, accepted the firft token of his inclination, and at length confented to become his; that thereupon fhe wore the full blown flower, but fhe was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was by whom it was given her. She concluded by faying, that fhe was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders, and fubmit to any punifhment they fhould think fit to inflict.

As the marriage engagement is among the weightieft concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to fo peculiar a cafe, it was neceffarily left to the decifion of the Popnar, or prince of the country. The cauſe was propounded in preſence of him and the elders. The likeneſs of the two brothers was in reality fo great, that they were fcarcely to be diftinguifhed afunder. The prince aſked which of the two it was that led her to the altar? The eldeſt replied, that it was he. Berilla confeſſed, that indeed he pleaſed her at firſt; but the impreſſion he made on her was but ſlight. Upon this it was aſked, who gave the firſt flower? and it proved to be the youngeſt. Berilla ſaid ſhe loſt that; but ſhortly after her lover returned it to her, though at this moment he appeared leſs amiable to her than before; however, ſhe conſtantly thought it had been the ſame. The point which moſt perplexed the judge, was, that the maiden had received the full blown flowers from both the lovers. They looked ſtedfaſtly on each other without daring to utter a word. The Popnar interrogated the young lady, whether, at the time ſhe gave her conſent, ſhe did not believe ſhe was giving it to him who had led her to the altar? She affirmed that ſhe did; but likewiſe declared, that her greateſt inclination had fallen on him from whom ſhe received the firſt flower. Both the brothers were now ſet before her, and the queſtion was put to her, which of the two ſhe would chuſe if the election were now freely left to herſelf? She bluſhed; and, after a few moments of conſideration, replied; "The youngeſt ſeems to have the greateſt inclination for me;" at the ſame time darting him a look, that betrayed the ſecret wiſhes of her ſoul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly ſtrove to read in his eyes the judgment he was going to pronounce; but particularly the two lovers, who ſeemed expecting the ſentence of life and death. At length the prince addreſſed himſelf to Berilla with a ſtern and gloomy countenance: "Thy miſfortune or rather thy imprudence, prevents thee for ever from poſſeſſing either of the brothers. Thou haſt given to each of them an inconteſtible right to thy perſon. One hope alone remains for thee, and that is, if one of them will forego his pretenſion. And now, my ſons, continued he, what have you to ſay?——Which of you is diſpoſed to ſacrifice his own ſatisfaction to the happineſs of his brother?" They both made anſwer, that they would ſooner loſe their lives. The prince turned again to the damſel, who ſeemed on the point of ſinking to the earth, and ſaid: "Thy caſe excites my compaſſion: but, as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a ſingle ſtate, till one of thy lovers ſhall change his opinion or die."

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the ſtate of celibacy was a heavy diſgrace. The whole aſſembly was about to ſeparate, when the younger brother threw himſelf on his knees before the judge; "I implore your patience for a moment, ſaid he, I will rather ſacrifice my right, than ſee Berilla ſo ſeverely doomed. Take her, O my brother: and may ye live long and happily together! And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent life has cauſed thee! This is the ſole requeſt I have to make thee." The aſſembly roſe up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince commanded him to ſtay. "Son, remain where thou art, ſaid he, thy magnanimity deſerves to be rewarded. The damſel is thine; for, by this ſacrifice, thou haſt merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her!"

They were married ſhortly after, and the prince acquired great renown by the decree.

THE SHAM GHOST.

MONSIEUR Capricorne, a native of Montpellier, had confined his whole life to the ſtudy of aſtrology; an art which being little calculated to lead to wealth, this great foreteller of other people's fortune poſſeſſed but a very trifling one himſelf. All his riches were comprized in a cottage, at Vitri, and five hundred livres per annum with which he ſupported himſelf, a daughter (a lovely girl about one and twenty), and Gertrude an old female domeſtic.

He had, with great exactneſs, drawn the figure of his child, caſt her nativity, formed a diagram of the aſtrological houſes, contemplated narrowly the configuration of the planets at the hour of her birth, and verified them in ſo many ways, that, having brought them to mathematical preciſion, he announced publicly that ſhe was born to poſſeſs great riches. Preſuming on this, he had refuſed the offers of numberleſs lovers, whoſe figures did not promiſe what he expected. At length, one who had fallen in love with Miſs Adeline, was ſo fortunate as to chuſe by chance (for he did not by his own wiſdom), an hour that every way tallied with the aſtrologer's imagination.

Mr Buffenot (his name) was as madly attached to Helicon as Mr. Capricorne was to the Zodiac. In a word, he was a poet, and a greater fool, by ſeveral grains, than the aſtrologer; but to compenſate for this, he was richer by many pounds. Having the father's conſent, he commenced his attack, the following day, with two madrigals, an acroſtic, ſix ſtanzas, a poetical epiſtle, twelve epigrams, and a legitimate ſonnet—the forerunners of a ſolemn declaration of his love.

Adeline was very far from approving of our bard. She had previouſly fixed her affections on a neighboring youth, called La Grange, and often, by the connivance of Gertrude, privately enjoyed his company.

Old Capricorne, however, infatuated with the poet's horoſcope, inſiſted ſeriouſly on her reſolving to marry him.——This fiat was no ſooner known, than a council of the three opponents was called; and, after much debate, Gertrude fixed on this ſtratagem:——Adeline was to feign the fool, La Grange to raiſe a report of his death, and the reſt was to be left to her.

Having made this determination, the next day La Grange fell ill, and begged to ſee the aſtrologer. He viſited him; and the other, affecting an implicit faith in his art, requeſted him to exerciſe it without flattery. Mr. Capricorne drew a variety of figures, and preſently, with a gloomy countenance, pronounced him a dead man in ſix hours.

La Grange followed his prophecy with the greateſt fidelity, and at the exact hour predicted gave up the ghoſt. A friend, at whoſe houſe he was concealed, filled a coffin with rubbiſh, and had it regularly buried. Old Capricorne, exulting in his ſcience, attended the funeral.

Adeline, the inſtant ſhe heard of the death of La Grange, began to perform her part. A number of diagrams, figures, &c. which had coſt her father many hours of loſt time, ſhe tore to pieces in his preſence, and this perfectly convinced him of her derangement. When the poet paid her a viſit, ſhe ſmartly exerciſed a cane on his back, which led him to make a ſimilar concluſion, and to decline the honor of an alliance with the Capricorne family. The aſtrologer however, had bound him to forfeit 500 crowns if he ſhould refuſe his daughter. This he demanded. The poet pleaded her madneſs as an excuſe, and demanded time to endeavor to get her cured; proteſting that he would rather loſe his whole fortune than take her in her preſent ſtate, with the diſpoſition ſhe had manifeſted towards him.

Next day, Mr Buffenot brought a phyſician to ſee Miſs Adeline. The patient was at the moment lolling in an arm chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulſion; and holding a thick ſtick negligently in her hand. The doctor felt her pulſe, and, after a great deal of technical nonſenſe, affirmed that he had no heſitation to ſay, that the patient was non compos mentis: in Engliſh, ——mad.

"Mad!——I mad!" cried Adeline, ſtarting up, and laying about her to the right and left, on the ſhoulders of the phyſician and poet, with ſo much alertneſs, that each had received a dozen ſmart ſtrokes before the father perceived what ſhe was about; and when he offered to interpoſe, Gertrude prevented him, fearing, as ſhe ſaid, that he ſhould be beaten by his daughter.

The cataſtrophe of this ſcene made the poet reſolve, once for all, to beat a retreat. He declared he would as ſoon marry Tiſiphone, as ſuch a woman. Saying this he made his final exit.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finishing touch to her scheme; she therefore took an opportunity of talking to Mr. Capricorne; and after telling him that he had in some measure, by his prediction, been the death of La Grange, and the cause of his daughter's derangment, she said---

"But the evil does not end here; for, to fill up the measure of our misfortunes, for the last five days La Grange's ghost has every night appeared in Miss Adeline's bedchamber; and----oh! if you could see how, in the transports of her madness, she embraces and hugs his poor ghost, you could not but regret your not having consented to their union."

------"Eh!---What!" cried old Capricorn, staring:---"His ghost appear to my daughter! Well, then, I must see it.------Oh, I have a thousand questions to ask it about the stars!"

"Well---well," said Gertrude, "so you shall. And, that it may not do you a mischief on account of its death, I will read a prayer, I have, against spirits; and then you'll have nothing to fear."

Every thing being thus arranged, Adeline went to bed at her usual hour, leaving the candle burning on the table. The ghost was concealed in a contiguous room, wrapped up in a sheet; and the astrologer, with old Gertrude, stood tremby in the closet.

In a few minutes the ghost, with a violent rumbling, issued from his hiding place, and, opening the bed curtains, in a hollow tone called three times-----" Adeline! ----Adeline!--Adeline!"

I shall not attempt to describe the terror and palpitation of old Capricorne. He could barely utter------"Say---say the prayer!---say it, dear Gertrude!-----say it---quick!"

Gertrude mumbled over some words, when Adeline jumped out of bed, and threw her arms round La Grange's neck; said innumerable tender things to him, and at last invited him to partake of her bed. But the ghost assumed a graver air, and ejaculated, with a voice that seemed to come from the sepulchre------

"Oh!---touch me not! Thy father has been my death; but he shall be punished, unless he consent to my marrying thee, by which means my soul will have permission to reanimate my body. Thus, and thus alone, can he repair the wrong he has done me, terminate the torments I am obliged to inflict on thee, and prevent those I have in store for him!"

Old Capricorne's curiosity about the stars was at an end. A fountain of perspiration poured from his quivering limbs. Pressing close to Gertrude, he muttered---"What shall I do!---what shall I do! Say over your prayer---quick!---quick!---or its all over with me! Why don't you speak?---What shall I do!"

"A pretty question!" she replied. "Step out, to be sure, and tell him that you consent to the marriage: that's all he wants."

"Consent!---ay, that I will, with all my soul!" said he: "but, as to stepping out, I had rather not. You go ------Go, and say what you please."

Gertrude obeyed, and was ordered to bring Mr. Capricorn himself. She now drew the astrologer from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himself on his knees before La Grange, and, without daring to look in his face, promised to agree to whatever he desired.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION

IN the year 1421, the Maese having burst its dykes, and being considerably swelled when the tide came in with great violence, the country bordering on Dort was overflowed, above one hundred thousand persons perished; and fifteen churches with steeples, several castles, and seventy two villages were overthrown; their melancholy ruins are still visible at low water.

A new sea formed itself on the south east of Dort, which is called the Biesbos. This sea communicates with the old Maese, and with the open sea, and forms the island on which Dort is situated.

In the general calamity of this inundation, one infant only was saved; it floated in its cradle on the water, a cat belonging to the family sat on the side of it; when the cradle inclined, the cat, in a panic, leaped on the highest side, and by the counterpoise, restored the equilibrium. This was perceived from the land, the cradle was waited for and the infant was preserved. From that infant descended M. Van der Hoven, who is Consul of France at Rotterdam.

REMARK:---Pleasures are like perfumes, injurious when used to excess.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SONG.

I Saw a lovely cottage girl,
Both innocent and fair;
A gipsey hat conceal'd her charms,
For many a charm was there.

Her rosy lips would tune a song,
So tender and so sweet;
Her heart disclos'd whate'er it knew,
A stranger to deceit.

Thus ever form'd for gentle love,
Unknown to guilt or care,
May every morning find the maid
Still innocent and fair

LUCY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO MISS H-----ST:

WHEN PARIS saw the bright celestial three,
And view'd those beauties now revered in thee,
Hadst thou, fair damsel, seen the grand dispute,
Had'st thou contended for the glitt'ring fruit;
Heav'n's Queen had found her princely presents vain,
Nor proffer'd empires you alone could gain.
PALLAS, abash'd, had own'd, with sweet surprise,
The silent eloquence of magic eyes:
Such eyes had smil'd the fairest of the fair,
And VENUS own'd a brighter VENUS there.
Tho' VENUS shine with each alluring grace,
Her charms had only gain'd a second place;
Thine, thine had won the shepherd's noblest part,
Tho' her's the apple, thine had been his heart.

G. L.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FAME of MARY's conquests brought
The God of Love her charms to view,
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her conquest too.

He drop't, half-drawn, his feeble bow,
He look'd, he ray'd, and sighing pin'd,
And wish'd in vain he had been now,
As painters falsely draw him---blind.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flew,
Help, VENUS! help thy wretched son,
My sad condition thou may'st view,
For Love himself's, alas! undone.

To Cupid now, no lovers prayer
Shall be address'd in supplant sighs,
My darts are gone, but oh! beware,
Fond mortals! of my MARY's eyes.

THYRSIS.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS HARRIET SMITH.

'TIS done! she's gone! her better part is fled,
But whence, and where?---tho' number'd with the dead,
Yet still she lives in endless bliss to sing,
Eternal praises to her heavenly King.
Thrice happy maid! thy race is quickly run,
Thy task is finish'd ere 'tis well begun;
I give thee joy, thou hast escap'd from woe,
And all the cares that mortals feel below:
Thy God has snatch'd thy blooming soul away,
From scenes of sickness to immortal day,
To seats of bliss, eternal and secure,
Where joy is certain, and contentment sure;
Why should the tear then tremble in the eye?
Why heave the bosom with a mournful sigh?
Was not her virtuous soul prepar'd to meet
Her gracious Maker in his judgment seat?
Did she not quit this lower world resign'd,
Tho' rack'd in body yet compos'd in mind?
And since not art, nor friendship's soothing pow'r
Could aught avail beyond the fatal hour;
Since not a mother's fond parental love
Could change the will of Him who rules above;
Since neither health, nor e'en the beauteous frame
Of earth's fair daughters, or the sons of fame,
Can long exist in this inconstant world,
Where all to ruin soon or late is hurl'd.
Since, too, from future pain and future care,
She's call'd thus early to a brighter sphere,
Why should we mourn her flight from earth below,
Who with her Maker smiles a cherub now!

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. III.

"Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was pertness once." POPE.

THE fair reader will, I hope, excuse me for MEDDLING with the foibles, which a superficial, flippant education may have fostered particularly in the sex: And perhaps it would be fortunate if some of my female friends should view themselves in the MEDDLER's mirror. Yet let them not imagine me such a cynic as to libel the whole sex;---they are rather the objects of my respect, and every occasion will I seize for encomium, and strive to give force to censure by heightening the contrast.

I have always esteemed it a great misfortune that many of our handsome belles are not content with being pretty, but wish to be witty likewise, and thus often by ridiculous attempts at smartness, defile a mouth that appears only calculated for language of gentleness and sweetness. LAURA affects to be a wit,---the thing on earth for which she is least fitted. Had her friends restrained her remarks within the pale of judgment before the propensity to sarcasm had obtained so complete an ascendancy, she might have made a girl of very tolerable understanding; though her animal spirits have not that rapid motion, which spurs genius to suggest the lively repartee. Her beauty attracts a croud of flatterers, who supposing with Chesterfield, that it were vain to extol those charms she is sensible of possessing, cares that propensity which has now become her ruling passion. LAURA had arrived at that age when the female begins to assume some sort of character; she appeared inclined to reflection, and her mind was forming under very favorable auspices when first introduced into company. Her nice proportion of features---her exact symmetry of shape, and dazzling complection irresistibly arrested the attention. This was a circumstance unfortunate for LAURA, and particularly so at this critical period. Few men or women can resist the vanity occasioned by universal admiration, when making their entree on the stage of life. It was too flattering for our heroine not to prize, and her good sense taught her that unless ensured by something beside beauty, it would be but of transitory duration. She had observed that when the outside of any object caught attention, it naturally excited curiosity to know its intrinsic worth, and she was aware that gold though not more shewy, was more valuable than tinsel. She now would have resolved, after the example of the wiser part of mankind, to enrich her understanding with science, had not unpropitious chance, by putting one evening a BON MOT into her mouth, overset her reasoning, and made her the character she at present is. The success of the sally, and consequent applause, occasioned a new train of thoughts. Why lose that time in study which must detach her from the world, when the great object of her existence---admiration, might be much more easily acquired, by those powers nature had bestowed? Since this period LAURA in her own opinion has become perfect. Wanting ready wit, she blunders out nonsense,---uncultivated she boldly displays her ignorance; regardless of persons present, she often deals out her unmeaning asperity at things by others held sacred. Even her friends are not exempt from her witticisms, and cool at her seeming want of affection. So far, indeed, is she at present gone with this disorder, that the grave itself hides not from her intended severity---tho' often conjured "to let my aunt Dinah and her ashes rest in peace." N.

Saturday, July 11, 1801.

NAN-KO, THE IMPOSTOR.

THOSE numerous ignorant persons who obtrude themselves into the various professions, resemble the musician mentioned by Father Du-Halde, in his history of China.

Nan-ko for such was his name, perceived, that the Emperor, who was very musical, had a predilection for a certain instrument, and used to amuse himself by listening to three hundred musicians playing on it at the same time: he concluded, that, with a little effrontery, he might pass in the crowd, and gain an handsome appointment. Accordingly, though he did not know a single note, he contrived to be received in the band, in which he remained several years, without suffering detection in his fraud.

The Emperor, at length, died, and his successor not being fond of boisterous music, wished to select a few of the best performers in the band, and, for that purpose, ordered each of them to play singly in succession---What could poor Nan-ko do?---------When it came to his turn he ran away!----------Alas! how many situations in life would be deserted, were all Nan-ko's to follow his example!

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SONNET.

OH! be it mine upon the rugged ſhore
To view the tall bark gliding o'er the main,
Once more from rough and ſtormy ſeas regain
The wiſh'd-for port; to hear the noiſy roar

Of joyous ſailors, and each anxious face
Obſerve of thoſe who crowd the beech, to greet
Some well-known friend or huſband dear, to ſweet
Domeſtic love return'd; and as they trace

The beaten path, bound homeward, ſee the ſmile
And pearly tear that gliſtens on each cheek
Deep flush'd with joy----yet there are thoſe who ſeek
In vain ſome much-lov'd friend; for death the while
Has been moſt active, and at parting ſore,
It was ordain'd that they ſhould meet no more.

TO CONTENTMENT.

SEQUESTER'D far from public life,
From giddy mirth and noiſy ſtrife,
From headlong paſſions, vain deſires,
From envy, pride, and guilty fires;
From cares and fears forever free,
O ſweet Contentment! let me dwell with thee:
Thine are the joys which never fail,
Thine is the placid conſtant gale.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1801.

The twenty-ſixth Anniverſary of American Independence was celebrated in this city on Saturday laſt with the uſual eclat. The ringing of bells and firing of cannon, in addition to what was previouſly agreed upon by the Committee, conſtituted the principal ceremonies of the day. The animating glow of Patriotiſm univerſally prevailed; and the recollection of thoſe virtues which contributed to our country's emancipation, gave increaſed rapture to the feſtive ſcene.

On Saturday laſt, one of the Elizabethtown Ferry-boats ran down a ſmall boat at anchor off the Battery, in which were Mr. Jeſſe Coles, his three ſons, and two other boys, in the act of fiſhing. Mr. Cole's youngeſt ſon, about ſix years old was drowned. It was a painful and intereſting ſcene to behold the father contending with the deep to ſave his children, two of whom he ſnatched from death, by ſwimming with them in his arms till they were taken up.

On Friday morning laſt week, arrived here, in the Thetis fiſhing ſmack, Capt. Barzillia Hammond and crew, who ſailed from that port on the 28th ult. as paſſengers in brig Abigal, Capt O. Smith, bound for Cayenne. Capt Hammond informs that Tueſday morning, 1 o'clock 20 leagues E S E off Sandy-Hook, they were boarded by the Privateer brig Nelſon, 16 guns, Capt Dean, 5 months from Liverpool N. Scotia, who finding in his invoice eight tierces of oats mentioned, declared his ſuſpicion they covered contraband goods; he therefore took out all the paſſengers and crew, except Capt. Smith and a black, and put in their ſtead a prize maſter and ſeven men, and ordered her for Halifax. Wedneſday morning fell in with the ſmack Thetis, and put Capt. Hammond, with his own and Capt. Smith's crew on board, but detained Capt. Smith's mate, Charles Tiebout, of New-York, on board.--Capt Hammond alſo informs, that the above privateer has taken, off the Capes of Delaware, ſeveral other Americans within a few days, and ordered them for Halifax---ſome in ten fathom water.

Mr. Thomas Bartow, of this city, was riding out with his wife laſt Sunday afternoon, when the carriage accidentally overſet. By this fall, Mrs. Bartow was violently daſhed againſt a rock by which her ſcull was fractured. Laſt Tueſday morning ſhe expired, leaving her huſband, with a large and young family to bewail the loſs of an amiable companion and affectionate parent.

The U. States ſhip George Waſhington will ſail from Delaware to Algiers about the middle of this month. She will touch at Sandy hook, for the purpoſe of affording an opportunity of convoy to ſuch veſſels as may be bound up the Straits from this port.

POPULATION---1800.

Kentucky, 230,000 inhabitants---may ſend 7 members to the next Congreſs. Rhode-Iſland, 69,387---In 1790 it contained 68,825---an increaſe of only 562 in ten years. Vermont, 153,281---May ſend 5 Repreſentatives to Congreſs.

Boſton, in point of population, ranks the fourth higheſt in the United States, Philadelphia contains 72,136; New-York, 60,480; Baltimore, 31,514; Boſton, 25,880.

BOSTON, July 1.

VERY LATE FROM EUROPE

Yeſterday arrived here, the brig Peacock, Crofts, in 36 days from London, with papers to the 21ſt May, 17 days later.

Of the war in Egypt, and its proſpects, theſe papers furniſh numerous details---and, that it will be proſecuted with vigor by the Britiſh, is evident from the powerful reinforcement proceeding thither.

The difference between Great Britain and the Northern Powers, was in a train of amicable adjuſtment. The Baltic Fleet was anchored in Copenhagen harbor; and no reinforcement of it appeared in contemplation. The Danes, nevertheleſs, were fortifying their coaſt with activity.

We do not meet with a ſyllable on the ſubject of the negociation between England and France.

It is ſaid that 9 ſail of Spaniſh ſhips of the line in two ſquadrons, have eſcaped from Breſt harbor, deſtined to the Mediterranean.

The Elbe has been declared to be open to the navigation of all nations.

Peace has been concluded between Denmark and Tunis.

The Britiſh, in their ſeveral actions in Egypt have taken 14 pieces of French field artillery.

LONDON, May 21.

The guards who have been draſted for Egypt, marched this morning for Portſmouth, where they are to embark with the 24th and 26th regiments, and ſail immediately.

The Two Battalions of the 20th Regiment, ſtationed at Minorca, ſix regiments of cavalry, including the York Huſſars, and a corps of Artillery, are alſo under orders for the ſame deſtination.

Six regiments of Cavalry, five of infantry, and a corps of Artillery, compoſe the reinforcements now under orders for Egypt. The tranſports will be convoyed by three ſhips of the line, with frigates under the command of Rear-Admiral Pole, and as many troops will be put on board the men of war as they can conveniently take. A large quantity of Military ſtores &c. is alſo preparing for Egypt.

A draft of three hundred men and five officers from the ſecond and third regiments of guards are ordered to proceed from London on Thurſday morning for Portſmouth, to embark for Egypt.

Yeſterday morning a meſſenger arrived at Lord Hawkesbury's office with diſpatches from Lord Minto, at Vienna and Lord Elgin, at Conſtantinople, the latter of which are ſaid to relate to the operations in Egypt; but whether they contain any later advices than thoſe of which government had previouſly become poſſeſſed, we have not yet been able to aſcertain. An overland diſpatch from India is ſaid to have been received at the ſame time; and report ſtates that Admiral Blanket and Gen. Baird have arrived at Seuz, with the Indian army deſtined to co-operate with the Britiſh forces in Egypt.

The Citoyen Francois, of the 13th inſt. has inſerted a letter, dated Havre, the 6th, which ſtates that "letters from Toulou announce, that the ſquadron commanded by Gantheaume, ſailed on the 5th Floreal, (April 5) with 4000 troops for Egypt."

Juſt before his death, Sir Ralph Abercrombie received a diſpatch from India, announcing, as it is reported, the impoſſibility of ſending an army from Bombay.

PARIS, May 13.

An American frigate entered the road of Havre, on the evening of the 19th of Floreal; It had on board the new Ambaſſador of the United States, charged to carry to Paris the ratification of the Treaty of Peace concluded with the French republic.

STAMPED PAPER,

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COURT of HYMEN.

HERE chaſte delights ſupremely reign,
And Pleaſure only wakes to bleſs:---
Where HYMEN does his ſway maintain,
There, only there dwells happineſs.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening laſt, at New Utrecht, by the Rev. Mr. Low; Mr. CHRISTOPHER BENNET, to Miſs MARIA CROPSEY, both of that place.

On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. NATHANIEL SEAMAN, jun. to Miſs MARY DEMOT, both of Hempſtead, L. I.

On Wedneſday laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Capt JAMES OILBUR, to Mrs. SARAH WILMURT, both of this city.

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COURT OF APOLLO.

THE CARES OF LOVE.

IF reason could cure but the half of those cares
Which fancy, too often will prove,
The hermit would wander at vespertine prayers,
Quit heav'n, and, deaf to Cecilia's soft airs,
Seek earth and the music of Love.

But alas! while we wantonly nibble the bait,
Destruction too surely is found;
And pleas'd for a time with the elegant cheat,
We swallow the hook,---invite our sad fate,---
And we bleed e'er we think of a wound.

Thrice happy the infant who, wrapt up in joy,
With his rattle amuses the day,---
Now beholds, and now loves the dear innocent toy,---
Then at night when his passion begins but to cloy,
Can forget it, and sleep it away!

Who would be a man or to manhood aspire!
So dearly we pay for our love;
If we view but her beauty, of course we admire,---
Then kindles that strange unaccountable fire,
Which nor reason nor time can remove.

Then show me, dear friends! Ah, show me the ground
Where springs the Platonical flower!
The bee that gives honey gives also a wound;
With the sweet but too often a bitter is found
Which defies e'en philosophy's power.

SONG.

LET the world take its follies, and revel in joy,
And drown the dull moments in wine;
Their bliss each unprosperous gale must annoy,
And with it each pleasure decline.

Let players go strut on the stage for refin'd,
And mimic kings, coblers, and elves;
To entertain gazers, when poor vacant minds,
Were ne'er entertain'd by themselves.

Let heroes court fame in the wild scenes of strife,
And after it eagerly jog;
It alienates them from virtue,---the sunshine of life,
And leaves them to mourn in a fog.

Let Avarice count up his millions of ore,
And feast his dim eyes on its shine;
He starves upon wealth till sheer'd from life's shore,
And his heirs all enjoy it in wine.

Let lords strive to cut in the world a great figure,
And monarchs look big in a crown;
If bigness they want, they never are bigger,
Or seldom for big as a clown.

Be mine the pursuit which holds goodness the game;
Its joys with grey time can contend:
Its companions -- Virtue one could never yet tame,
Sweet Liberty, Love, and a Friend.

ANECDOTE.

MR PENNANT is a most ingenious and pleasing writer. His "Tours" display a great variety of knowledge, expressed in an engaging way. In private life he has some peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig---which, however, he can suppress, till reason yields a little to wine. But when this is the case, off goes the wig next to him, and into the fire:

Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half seas over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wishful look, Pennant flatted up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment: and so was the officer, who ran to his sword---down flairs runs Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester. But Pennant escaped, from superior local knowledge. A wag called this "Pennant's Tour in Chester."

WANTED---by James Oram, No 102 Water-Street two Apprentices to learn the Printing business---the most liberal allowance for board and clothes will be given.

MORALIST.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

WHEN a man is about to quit the stage of this world to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which last time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life and his former extravagancies, stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt; what is it that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his awful Judge?---No: all the friends and interests, all the riches and honors under heaven can speak so much as a word for him, or even one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possible reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

No, at this important time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to confound and disturb him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy: nothing can stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience. And the testimony of that shall make the comfort of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or a shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnests and sweet anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels.

JAMES ALWAYS

Wishes to inform his customers, and the public in general, that he continues to carry on the WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where may be had, Windsor Chairs of every description both plain and fancy colors. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old chairs, when re-painted, and he will take them from any part of the town and return them in good order. He will paint them green or any fancy color, in the best manner, at a very low price.

February 20. 58. 8m

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